

Vagary by orphan_account

Category: IT (2017), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Multi, but he wants to see the good in it, but he's not as ashamed about it as mike., mike is a delinquent, richie is a kicked out orphan too, runaways - Freeform, well more like a kicked out orphan, will is sick of the world

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Max (Stranger Things), Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Richie Tozier, Will Byers, more to be added

Relationships: Richie Tozier/Mike Wheeler, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler, Will Byers/Richie Tozier, will byers/mike wheeler/richie tozier

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Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 2

Words: 1,405

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Summary:

“Do you have any idea where you’re going, Byers?”

“Not at all!” the boy smiled, without a damn care in the world. But the two look alike know he’s hiding something. What, with his look of longing in his hazel eyes.

“But that’s the fun part, isn’t it?”

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or when three runaways decide to go on a roadtrip together.

1. Thinking (Will Byers)

Author's Note:

I hope u enjoy!! tumblr link ----> <https://bxbystxrs.tumblr.com/post/167833167393/thinking-vagary-pt-1>

WILL BYERS

Summary: Will doesn't mind running towards the storm this time instead of running away from it.

Words: 871

WARNINGS: MILD RACISM, HOMOPHOBIA, TRANSPHOBIA. AGAIN MILD BUT A WARNING JUST INCASE.

The spring wind is warm the night Will throws his bag out the window. He winces as his stuff makes a sound when it hits the background floor and he freezes for a few seconds before sighing. Leaning outside his bedroom window and ignoring the pit in his stomach as he reached for the ladder he had placed near the window that morning. Pulling it until it was in the right position for him to climb down.

Will Byers thinks about a lot of things as he throws his bag over his shoulder, and pushes his skateboard to its wheels against the stone road. He thinks about how he's a lucky boy, despite evidence that points otherwise. He thinks about Franklin Moore who has never been to any of Jake Moore's parent-teacher conferences. Who falls asleep on his leather couch instead of with his wife. He thinks about Lucy Ezra and her wine and her ignorance. He thinks about how she doesn't know what she's doing wrong when she suggests to her daughter to have a coffee date with the florists' son.

He thinks about how Henry flinches when refers to him as 'he'. He thinks about the marks around his neck the day after his mother caught him trying her makeup. He thinks about how the school doesn't understand why calling Christopher Columbus a hero is a good thing. Even though Neewa Nakos pretends not to notice when the teacher brushes over the genocide saying it was simply a thing in

the past.

Will Byers thinks about a lot of things when he reaches the subway station. He thinks about a lot of things when he lies about his age and says he's 18. He thinks about a lot of things as he sits next to a man holding his toddler daughter in his arms, with his suitcase next to him.

He stops thinking when the man turns to him after the train talks off and asks what he's running from.

He just shrugs, leans back against the bus couch and simply mumbles that he's tired.

The man covers the sleeping boy with his jacket before kissing his daughter head that's wrapped in a purple blanket. And the man knows that the boy means he's tired about a lot more.

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It's a 6 hour ride to Nashville, Indiana. Will decided to visit it first because of the Brown County Art Colony. After that, it's drawing in the park until he's as hungry as he can be before getting a light dinner at the diner and then back on a bus it is.

He never asks the man, whose name he finds out is Renald Meek, what he's running from either. But he doesn't have to when he sees custody papers in his bag. It's in Renald's eyes too. The look his mother had when Lonnie didn't come home. The dimness of the light of hope but also the cold look of expectancy. He brushes back his daughter's, a April Meek, black hair. And he laughs when he draws with her when the sun rises.

It's not until Will snacks on a bag of chips does Renald really strike up a conversation with him.

"You look like you've seen too much in you're life, William," the man laughs, and Will smiles because it reminds him of his friend Max. They laugh with their whole body, the pain in their eyes vanishing.

Will shakes his head, chewing down the salty potato chip. "I've seen

what other people have gone through.”

He decides not to tell him about scar that lingered on his back when Troy and his gang attempted to carve ‘FAGGOT’ into his skin. But the scar is faded now. And he’s not scared of the word anymore.

“The world is a very mean place William. It’s a nice thing to see a smile from someone from time to time,” Renald grins, slicking back April’s hair as she drinks on her gape juice box.

“What about smiling even when no one else is? Is that okay too?”

“Well, William. I’ve found that people who do things no one else will often find themselves seeing the world a bit differently than others.”

“Even the bad things?”

“Yes, William. Because people who do things no one else will, can face the bad things much differently than others.”

Will Byers start to wonder why there has to be bad things in the first place. And then he remembers he wouldn’t be able call his mother and big brother good if he couldn’t be able to tell his father was a bad thing.

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Will decides that Nashville Indiana is a nice place. It’s quiet and it’s nice. The people are nice too. The old types that would take your dog out for a walk if you asked because their children or grandchildren won’t walk with them. Or visit them for that matter.

But he’s thinking again as he sees a pale and skinny boy walk out of a gas market. His jet black curls dirty and greasy and Will isn’t able to distinguish the dirt and freckles from his skin. And he’s thinking to himself, as they lock eyes, that they’ve both seen too much.

2. Mike Wheeler

Summary for the Chapter:

MIKE WHEELER

Summary: Mike tries to run away from his thoughts. But he ends up running into someone who makes him think about them instead.

Words: 534

WARNINGS: NONE

Mike Wheeler doesn't like thinking. He likes running. He thinks if he runs fast enough, he won't think about his problems. Or other peoples problems. He has to take care of himself first. He can't spend time worrying about other people if he struggles to even get something to eat on a daily basis.

He's running from a lot of things. He's running from his fathers subtle glare he directs at him when the word 'gay' is said on screen. In that tone that makes Mike want to choke up in sobs. He wants to tell his father that it's not true! He likes girls! He's had crushes on girls!

But then he remembers the time he had a crush on both Rachel Lewis and Ryan Monroe. And he decides that staying quiet is better.

He's running from the talks he and his mother had. Her asking him why he cant just like girls. Why he has to like both. And Mike wants to scream that he doesn't know. He doesn't know why he likes girls pretty hair, all the different types that all look so beautiful. He doesn't know why he likes boys hand's. They're strong and Mike feels like they could fight off anything to protect him. Maybe they're strong enough to fight against his insecurities. He doesn't think he's strong enough to.

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Mike remembers running as fast as he could. His bike bouncing up at times when it hits a few pebbles. He remembers running so fast, that when he got to the sign that said "NOW LEAVING HAWKINS

INDIANA” he fell to his knees, panting for a good ten minutes before getting on his bike. Going as fast as he could.

It was a split decision if he was being honest. He had packed his backpack filled with cartons of cake snacks, chips, water bottles, a map with Nancy’s apartment in New York, and his old and worn The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn book.

It’s when he’s in a small town he doesn’t bother to remember the name of does he hear on the radio a short description of his appearance, his age, and his family house number.

He pretends not to notice the few people in the diner he was sitting in turn to look at him. And he releases a silent sigh when they turn away.

He wonders if it’s because there was no reward money offered or if it was because they knew he wanted to be anywhere but home at that moment.

Mike finishes his tiny breakfast before getting his bag and walking out onto the road again. He’s pedaling a bit faster than yesterday. Maybe its the little bit of paranoia that’s clawing at his throat. But he made a promise to himself. He’s not going to stop running until his legs give out and even then, he’ll crawl.

And maybe he might die out here. But, honestly, he doesn’t exactly care.

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Mike Wheeler is an idiot when he stops running to get a few snacks from the gas station. He’s an even bigger idiot when, suddenly, he’s looking straight into warm and hopeful hazel eyes and he has to stop. Maybe they’re both running.